THE NEW YORK LEDGER

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE ROMANCE THE NEWS AND COMMERCE

VOL. XIII. B. BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR, No. 44 ANN-STREET. NEW YORK, DECEMBER 19, 1857. TERMS, $2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. NO. 41.

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THE CROWN JEWELS.

A TALE OF LONDON AND PARIS.

BY DR. HOLMES W. NELSON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY CLANCOR," OR, THE ROYAL MARRIAGE," &c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE LOVERS.

Leaving the party in the boat in chase of the ferocious upon the Thames, we will now follow Sir Willyers Courtney, who, after leaving the Salon De Festé, hastened to St. James'street, to ascertain if the Earl of Conyboone had returned to his house.

After an anxious and rapid walk, during which he saw the glare of the blue-light, he arrived about three in the morning at the door, to find it open, and the servants gathered in the hall in the utmost confusion.

"What means this? What has happened? Where is Lady Isabel?" he asked, not knowing what terrible news he was to receive in reply.

"She's gone, Sir Willyers! My lord is drowned! Weare all lost and ruined!" cried William, the porter, wringing his hands.

"Gone? Whither? Bettie, explain! You seem to have your senses!" he cried to the young female domestic. "A few words will suffice. All has occurred, and where your lady is?"

"It was dreadful news, my lord—I mean, Sir Willyers—and she couldn't bear it—"

"What news?"

"The earl's drowning himself."

"Drowned himself!" repeated Captain Courtney, aghast, all his fears and hopes realized in an evil.

"A little girl came but a little while ago and brought the news. It was writ on this bit of paper."

"Let me read it," said by the light of the hall lamp Sir Willyers read a line or two the earl had penciled after leaving the Freith's, and given to the child he had met in the streets, with injunctions that it be taken immediately to St. James street, but which, little afterwards, Eva concluded she would take herself, especially after having witnessed such a scene as the "Den," which she felt no desire to enter again. She instead of wandering the streets all night, she thought she would go to the house, hoping she might there find a place to stay herself.

"This is extraordinary!" said Captain Willyers, after perusing the note. "But *he* drown himself!"

"The child says she followed him," continued Bettie, "and saw him jump off London Bridge into the river and drown."

"Where is the child?"

"Lady Isabel took her with her."

"And where is your mistress gone?"

"To the river. She took the little girl to show her the place. She would go, Sir Willyers. We couldn't keep her back. Don't be angry with us."

"I am not angry with anybody," he answered, with a groan of anguish. "How did Lady Isabel go?"

"On foot!"

"*On foot?*"

"She was so fleet as she could, sir," said William, "and I called after her, and told her I would get the carriage and horses; but she said we had no carriage nor horses—had—"

"Poor Isabel! This will kill her! What a cruel cord! What sudden and terrible fatality has written by a father's hand, that he meditates self-destruction, and has buggered his noble daughter!"

These sudden and powerful reflections through the mind of Sir Willyers Courtney, while emotions of mingled pity and indignation filled his soul. Ascertaining the direction taken by Lady Isabel, he followed in a cab which the porter obtained for him after brief delay.

"What will come o' us all, Bettie, lass?" said William, when the cab had driven off. "The earl—the estate wasted—nothing at all left! Ye see Lady Isabel wouldn't've had this happened—unless my lord had lost everything at cards. It's an awful state o' things!"

"It is a pity for my poor, dear young mistress," said pretty Bettie Page, wiping a tear out of her eye with the bit of paper on which Eva Conyboone had written to Isabel, and which Captain Willyers had dropped upon the floor. "She'll never more hold her head up!"

"And who the capitals will marry her. I overheard all that to-night," said one of the maids. "They are real lovers, and he is rich as Prince Albert, they say."

"No—my mistress is too proud to have him now," said Bettie, hastily; for she "couldn't endure herself pointless to be say man's wife."

"The more fool she," said William the porter, losing nothing his respect for rank, now that the money which sustained it was gone.

"Take she, idiot!" exclaimed Bettie, slapping him smartly on the cheek. "This is no way to speak of my lady."

"A suicide, a gambler, and poor as a church mouse," muttered the porter angrily, but in a subdued voice, so as not to be overheard; "I'll speak as becomes the case. I'd like to know," he added aloud, "if we'll get our wages. There's owed me now for the last quarter, and a month and three days up to-night. I'd like to hev who's to pay us."

"Just like you Scotch money-grubbers, always thinking about your guins, when all the world is in trouble and woe, a death in the house, and my lady half distraught! As for me, I care not if I never get mine, and if I do, I'll give every farthing into my lady's hand, for, Heaven have pity on her, she'll maybap come to feel the need of it all! What are you here for?" she demanded of a short, thick fellow, with a boot in one hand and a blacking-brush in the other, who made his way upward into the hall among the half-dozen servants who were discussing the events which had transpired, and their own chances for securing their own in the general ruin of the noble house in which they were hirelings.

"Och, an' by the shippers o' Son Pathrick, an' why may Tim Malcon not be to the fore wid the rest o' ye? It's dead I hearn the masther is, an' divil a hapenth left to crass a man's skin wid, if it's the wages yees be talkin' about, it's my own I'm after hevin'."

"Go!" cried Bettie. "Go away with you all, you heartless wretches! You stare at Tim, and marvel at his unfeeling words; but yours are as bad, and so are your hearts. I despise every one that cannot shed a tear for the poor earl, and for my lady!"

"But who's to pay us?" asked half a dozen voices, deprecatory yet very decided.

"You must wait and see. Perhaps the earl is not drowned, or perhaps if he is, everything isn't lost."

"Oh—well, well," muttered the porter.

"Och, thin it's wait we will, and sure."

"It's best not to be in a hurry, after all," said the chambermaid.

"I don't care whether you are or not, now. Hirlings are heirlier, you—not one of you—will stay a day longer here than I can help it. Lady Isabel shall get a new set of servants. She said my lord was to be allowed all his own fashions and conduct—that they shall. Go down to the kitchen, every one of you. I despise such low, mean, base-ful people, that have no more hearts than I can weld in a thimble when it is on my finger!"

Partly from policy, partly from shame, the domestics slowly withdrew to their own precincts, leaving Bettie alone in the hall. It was not the most dawn of day. With tears in her eyes she closed the front door, and returned to Lady Isabel's room. Here she looked around upon the objects which seemed to belonging to her young and fair mistress—here a glove, there a bracelet—on the table a vase of flowers, upon the stand her watch. She saw that she had left everything—even her purse, going out only with her hat and shawl.

"She will come back again, I know," said in the tone of voice that implies a previous doubt of the fact now asserted. "She will certainly come back, if she finds that her father is drowned. But the words she uttered, 'Nothing here is now mine,' as she went out, seem to ring in my ears over and again, but leave everything here to the law. But I will not. I will gather up everything, and if she does not come back, I will take them to my uncle Will's, at the Cow-boys' Arms, and keep them for her, if I ever behold her again. I would have gone with her to London Bridge, if she had not got away out of sight so soon. Heaven keep her from danger, and let me lay my eyes upon her safe again!"

Bettie now proceeded to gather the jewelry with the purse, and more elegant articles of dress, and the drawer which belonged to Lady Isabel, especially those things which she knew her mistress set most by. These she put up in a fine package, and took them to her own room, and concealed them from all chance observation. In the meanwhile the day dawned. The sun arose, and neither Sir Willyers returned, nor did any things come of Lady Isabel.

Sir Willyers Courtney, upon leaving in search of Lady Isabel, had more reached London Bridge, where he learned, indeed, from one of the toll-keepers, that there had been a leap off the parapet during the night into the river, by some man, but some said he was picked up by a passing boat, while others said he was not. The toll-keeper could not say for certainty, as it was not his watch at that hour; and he only got it from another. But it was the tollman's impression that he was not picked up.

"Has any boy—any woman been here to inquire?"

"Yes—half an hour or so ago. She seemed to be searching distress—a daughter, belike, or a wife?"

"Was a child—a little girl—with her?"

"I belinik me there was—"

"Which way did they go?"

"I belinik that belike they went back again; I didn't notice in particular."

"Stupid," murmured Sir Willyers, as he turned away for further and more intelligent information. It was now nearly day, and Sir Willyers, after reading all night in which the varied scenes of our story had been described. It broke upon Captain Courtney upon London Bridge; it broke upon lords Hampton and Beresford prisoners in the boat of the French police on the way down the Thames, in chase of the brigantine commanded by Captain Foy; it broke upon the Earl of Conyboone standing with Lord Neagle in the garden, before the entrance of the mansion, which they had just concealed the plundered jewels, and fastened up Hitchcliff, to face death in a horrid form; it broke upon the old Frenchman Simon, brother of the murdered Therese, in a cell at Newgate; it broke upon Helen Murray, the sister, and mother of Will Rose, in the gaol of Conyboone; it broke upon Lord Rose herself, dressing through the snow-white curtains of the low window, as she was preparing for the luxurious repose of a morning's bed so cilviously taken her part when the rough bailiff's son, Robert, had so coarsely entreated her (if he is alive); and it broke upon Lady Isabel, as she dawned that day upon all the stirring scenes of London, which her coming sun had interrupted, and which, by the morning light, once more were beginning again to be suspended by night, and again be resumed; and so on with each day's revolution of the earth, till time shall be no longer. Verily are the labors and deeds of men of more value in the eyes of Infinity, than those of the ants in their underground cities! As the sun shines brightly once more on that great ant-hill, London town, Willyers Courtney returned his steps, after very fruitless search for further tidings of Lady Isabel, towards her abode. He entertained a faint hope that she might have returned, but that event was verified her father's suicide. He found no one to speak with but Bettie.

"Your mistress?" he faltered. "Is she here?"

"No, Sir Willyers! Have you not found her?"

"No—no! She must have—"

"Oh, don't say it—don't say that she has drowned herself!"

"I know not what to say!"

"If this monster—a female figure veiled, and toiboring, came near the steps. Bettie, after a moment's scrutiny at the veiled apparition, called with a shriek of delight, and ran to meet her—

"It is Lady Isabel—it is poor, dear mistress!" Sir Willyers upon seeing her also recognized, but with difficulty, in the distressed and soiled appearance of the female, the elegant form of Isabel. He was at her side in a moment, and only in time to support her; for so sooner did she perceive them both, and the drawer which belonged to Lady Isabel, especially those things which she knew her mistress set most by. These she put up in a fine package, and took them to her own room, and concealed them from all chance observation. In the meanwhile the day dawned. The sun arose, and neither Sir Willyers returned, nor did any things come of Lady Isabel.

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"Oh, don't say it—don't say that she has drowned herself!"

"I know not what to say!"

At this moment

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"Yes—you hardly had been let in before you were so dead as a post."

"And the party went?"

"Yes."

"Lost Neagle and all?"

"I'm a man. You only were left."

"And he left up, fearing to trust me, because we had a few sharp words about dividing the booty. But he shall suffer for it."

"What, man, you would betray them, if they succeed?"

"As soon as I would eat. I would get so great a reward for that as would make us up now, man."

An expression passed over the face of Paul as hearing these words which the Scotchman did not see, but which boded him no good.

"You'll stay and take a pot of ale, man, while I open."

He placedthe foaming mug before him, but setting it aside, he said—

"Whitley, man! I had never a stomach for your English ale. This is a terrible beverage," he added, as Paul gratified him.

The door was now unbarred and unchained, and Grimm open. As Paul pushed back the latter, a young girl who was fast asleep against them, started upon the street step, nearly fell inward, but that he caught her hand and pulled her back.

"What have we? Wake up, child. By the senses, as the prisons say, she has a handsome face, but pale. Poor thing! It has a mother, I dare say?" He shook her gently.

Little Eva, for it was she, opened her large, beautiful eyes, and raised them to his face with a look of such innocence and helplessness, that the old convict's heart at once opened and warmed towards her; for in his own desolate breast dwelt a father, and but a looted and idolized child of her age. Humanity, and that sense of humanity which grows out of paternal love, never dies entirely in the heart, even of the most depraved. Even the tiger is tender to its young, and even the human tigers are softened by the innocent beauty of children.

But the beauty of Eva was, as we have already said, wonderful. One might have mistaken her for her fabulously famous, her ballad gown, labored, but lovely face, in which sorrow and unspeakable anguish had not yet effaced a wakening angel weary from the skies, and that had lost its way in the wilderness of this world, seeking to return.

"Come in, little maid. You must be cold, and wet, and hungry. We have enough to eat here. Shall God come in?"

Eva had risen to her feet, and looked startled, and seemed to be uncertain whether to fly from the strange, ragged-looking man, or stay. But his voice had a kindly tone in it. She had been over frightfully pale in her face, but now, suddenly, yet ever sadly like one to whom sorrow was a visitor and misery a mother, she entered and sat upon the bench near the door. She wearily pushed by her raised feet, to hide them beneath her scanty ruffled gown, which was the ruffling of the bed. After bowing the bridge with Lady Isabel she had fled in the night, and after wandering all night and day, she finally reached the sheltering steep, where she soon fell asleep. Poor Eva! need wanderer of the wilderness of sin—famine—what and hideous is time! Where is thy mother? Lives thy father? Art thou the offspring of love, or left to be reared by the cruel parents? Or has the death of thy mother and father made thee an outcast from the social roof? Thou art all too young and innocent-looking to be guilty, thine own; to have had aught to do with the present woes! Yet we believe that He who had, when on earth, not where to lay His sacred head, watches over thee, and will, sooner or by, lift thy head from the dust, and heal thy wounded and sore heart.

For a few moments Paul stood surveying her and observing, with the eye of a man of much experience, her points of birth and lines of beauty, for the concern mind could not be wholly insensible to them. He saw her sleep under his gaze, and then renewed it from her, saying to himself, with a shake of his head—

"She's an offshoot from one of these wild myrtle or virtuous apple trees, that have never nor will ever mind their hands with work. I am a judge of blood in a horse, and have come to believe what I myself am, and I can tell a hound's pedigree by his eye and his limbs, without asking to see it in print! I was not a bad judge of character in the stables of my Lord Conyboro for nothing. What have gone to the Sarcophagus, for blood tells in humans as well as in brute beasts!"

All this while Eva sat with her feet drawn up, blushing scarcely under his eyes; and the color following the paleness of her face, resembled how beauty; though over her forehead hung her tangled hair in rich masses, and over her throat and shoulders; for doubtless neither comb nor mirror had she access to. Through Paul, through all her sufferings and confusion, saw in her all these signs of superior condition, to Simeon's eye, as he glanced towards her, she was a poor, wan, half-starved, beggar girl, such as he met by hundreds in the dark regions of London, and in former years had seen wandering along the glare of Southland.

Mind yer attire, man, wi' sich a child to the bargain," he said, shrewdly.

"She shall have a good breakfast. What is your name, my child?"

"Eva, sir."

"Mind yer fruit, also, man Paul," said the coarse Scotchman, as he emptied his glass, and washing it mine back.

"Look ye, Sherrie: I will not have you say a word more about her. She's a lady-born face, and I dare my sackie gay."

"Well, ye ha' be an orphan nephew here t' the Sack' as please ye; ha' me business o' mine! Good morning!"

"I would advise you to keep silent about the robbery, if it has taken place. It may be for your interest. I can make Hinchcliff intende to do so. Up pouch, your life won't be worth a Scotch bodle!"

"Whu'll ask it?"

"I!"

This was said so steadily and firmly, that the Scotchman became a little pale, and his eye fell.

"Well, I'll wait, and see what Hinchcliff intends to do. If he mun'll do the right I'll ne'er say a word. But I'll not be yo'r catched a bunkee o' what is the Queen's to the Tower. It ware too heavy a job."

"As for a man who had been years a turnkey, like Hinchcliff, and had deglected keys to all the doors, and knew the place as he did. Ah, good mornt, Sangsmut!" This was addressed to a burly, lookin countryman, in a smock-frock, and who carried a whip in his hand, who came in. "How goes the markets-day?"

"Fair. But fetch that'n my fat talking about the robbery."

"What robbery?"

"Not heare it, Master Paul?"

"No!" and here the Scotchman, who was going out, paused to listen, and intchanged a look with the inn-keeper.

"Why, all London is up about un! The Tower's robbed on all the old King's jewels, and the Queen's crown, and there's hollo' after it, and the two master wrasses

"I shall you all about her; for it will do me good to talk about her; and, perhaps, when you hear about her you will be willing to be my little friend."

"Yours?"

"Yes."

"And have a home?"

"Yes."

"And a place to sleep in-doors every night, sir?"

"Why, yes, your thing!"

"And plenty bread and meat to eat like this?"

"I think there's plenty, child. Poor thing! She thinks she's coming straight into Heaven!"

"You are so good! I shall love you!—And that beautiful Simon want find me here! But I am too ragged to be your daughter," she added, with a sad look upon her dress that brought tears into eyes that for years had been as dry as adamant.

CHAPTER XV.

THE CONVICT'S DAUGHTER.

The convict, after looking out at the door to see if he was unobserved by servitors, and seeing that the former was doing over his breakfast, turned to Eva, and taking her hand, said, coldly, like one her former doubt of his kindness visible in her large eyes, and said—

"You ask about my daughter, whom you have made me think of to-day. It was many a year since I was reminded of her as you have done. I had a wife who loved me; but poor Mary had always a weakness for me, and I was that in past. Her name was Mary. We were very happy. I lived at Conyboro-Ford, six miles from Southland, and had a little cottage, child, like a worst of men, when they had never committed a crime. We were very happy, and I was very fond of my little girl. She was about your age, and was very much like you. She was very pretty, and very good. She was so good a breakfast, and be so kind," said Eva.

"Yes, I was very fond of her, and I was transported for burglary and murder, though the man who did the deed was by my side at the time, it seems, in law. They gave me ten years!"

"Ten years!"

"Yes, I came no to Botany Bay for ten years. I did not think about the time and the sentence, so many years from home. But I was innocent. Now let me tell you how she loved me—more than all the world. She was a poor girl, and came from England, that she could not do without me, and she was tempted to steal a Sally's ring, that she might be transported and join me."

"Did she steal it?"

"No—no!"

"Take good care of him, Bob! Now then!" and he pointed to where, a moment before, the Scotchman had been, and who was now outside, and at the spot, and then caught his master's eye.

"Fellow again! Is there no one to stand up for me?" he muttered, and looked out.

From the looks of the animal one could easily have believed he understood the appeal, and unfortunately he did. After a moment's delay, he went to the door, and, with a look at Paul, and a motion of the direction taken by the unfortunate Scotchman, he followed in the course of he saw him across close to Simeon, snuff at his heels, and then drop back a couple of yards, and not just at that moment look behind him.

This little by-play had been unnoticed by the inn-keeper, who was busy at the bar, serving out the busy custom on the river, as he ate his bread and ale; but Paul had noticed the movement, and had paused. She still remained seated upon the bench, but her head was bent down, as if she was of trying to believe in was so good, in spite of his hard looks, as his voice sounded to her. She was not used to being kind to, and the sudden and good suicide of the cart, and came near speaking to him, with childish thoughtlessness, of her dead father. But fear of she knew not what restrained her. For Eva's mind was open to fears, and her nerves still stretched out only with the shock of seeing Lord Ingleby's act, but with that caused by the mention of her father.

Paul's attention was now again called to her. He looked kindly at her, and said—

"You must be having something to eat. Come with us. I am going to breakfast. Is that a sad-ness, the door of which was open. Here was a table covered with a coarse cloth, and in former days the circular snarks of beer cans. Here he made up sit down to one of the long benches, and allow als can of beer before her, and bade her drink it. To this he added a half a loaf and a pot of butter, and then, seeing that she had lost all will joy of hunger. As he watched her he thought of a hundred young ragamuffins whom he had seen suddenly plucked. While she ate she kept her eyes fixed on him half as being her protector. Such kindness—such good treatment was new to her! She seemed to be unable to realize it. She seemed afraid to look away from his face, and yet she dared not meet his eyes. She was afraid to look at him, and yet she dared not meet his eyes. She was afraid to look at him, and yet she dared not meet his eyes. She was afraid to look at him

THE MOTHER AND HER SON.

BY TUSAR ANNE EMERSON.

She was dying, slowly dying,
She had won Life's battle long,
And a gentle, peaceful, holy calm
Stole softly o'er her face.

No children stood around her couch,
No husband knelt beside her,
Why was her only son not there?
How sad 'twas then to die!

Could he forget how her pure love
Had cheered him on before,
Making his path all sunshine—
Shedding all its thorns behind?
Could he forget, in his fond youth,
How she had watched over his heart,
His soft cheek pressed to hers?
He had scarcely sunk to rest!

Her wakeful, patient tenderness,
Her fond, unwearied love,
Had one fruit not for with gratitude
Such blessing seems apart?
Yes, he came—and at that sight
Reigned within the cottage door
A pleasure in their low tones had passed
Since he stood there before.

His word of welcome ground, his
Frame the still form on the bed?
His pretty pastel the scene—
And guess upon the dead.
The placid face—the half-shut lids—
What regrets could be so great?
He came to ask forgiveness.
Alas! 'tis late—too late.

BEAU IDEALS.

A SERIES OF LETTERS FROM A YOUNG LADY TO HER MOTHER.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

Ingomar, Cowpox County, August, 185—.

My DEAR BELLE MARKHAM:—Here I am, without any preface to write you, six months after I left school—to describe, faithfully, all my experiences since then—so you IF I was happy—and last, but not least—if I had found "that spot in the shadow of one true heart," over which we used to sigh so romantically. I am about to keep that promise—for it is just six months this day, dear! I left you and "La Chateau."

You, my dear Belle, who are still pursuing the same beaten track we trod together, are doubtless still thinking the same thoughts, and feeling the same emotions. But with me all is changed. The quiet garden of La Chateau, where we used to walk together, is thoughtfully, I scarcely more different from the places I have seen, within the last half year, than is from the girl who parted there with you, to sigh, and look at the moon, and repeat poetry.

We made some laughable mistakes there, Belle Manning, which you will discover, as well as I, when I come, when come out into the world. We used to read Byron, and fancy ourselves misanthropic. The tenderness of two heartbroken girls was wasted on eighteen! Was there ever a more ridiculous idea? I laugh every time I think of it. The world is a bright and happy place—and if, as many tell me, cemeteries and dead men are to be found in it, at least have not found them yet. Every one is kind, every one is willing to let me be as gay and lighthearted as I choose; and that is much of life!

So I have answered one question, and you see that I am happy. Now for my home, which you have never seen. I live, as you know, with my mother, who is a widow, in Ingomar, Cowpox county. She owns the "old homestead," on which we reside, and has large farms adjoining. These bound her forever herself, being a child of *American "Mr. Alure mere."* She delights in managing and keeping in a state of repair the old mansion, and spys into the puny-cart each morning to drive somebody among them, with a standard air as if she who stood to pay a visit to the Queen, in the most elegant village that church the sun shines on, a tall, stout lady, with a kind yet dignified manner—the brightest of blue eyes, the freshest of complexions, and the glossiest of brown hair—although she is now over fifty. I often tell her she is quite equitable her daughter, for she is so gentle and good looks.

The house is a great, rambling building, standing at some distance from the road—and painted red! Don't look shocked. Time and hard weather have changed the original color into a kind of dun-brown, (on pon intended,) Belle! which is really quite picturesque. In front of the house is a grassy slope which you may call a lawn, when you come, if you choose it—and on each side of the basket enveloping to the same chair that hold it in my grandfather's time, is shaded by four great maple trees, in the corner of the fence. Behind the "mansion," and at its sides, lies the most delightful old garden you can well imagine. A wall of lofty trees and flowers, and shady walks, more beautiful even than those of La Chateau. One of this grove does open the station. And here is one of the greatest attractions of the place, for me. A gift from that great dear heart, every morning and evening, a powerful black horse, duly caparisoned with chain-saddle, &c., a horse that always manifested gift to me, on my return. He is a noble fellow, and as gentle as a lamb. I always could and rub his head against my shoulder when I go near him, and can braid and caress from my hand. I have named him "Oliver" in honor of the giver of my noble Newfoundland "Ickle"—who, by the way, would suit Rogers' group exactly. I make him understand who I am writing to. I know you will laugh at the name of my horse. Well, I cannot help it. You know well I can never forget that first, fond love. It was a dream of beauty, and although it faded so soon, it can never die within my heart.

And she will answer your last question. I have not found "that out in the affection of one true heart," of whom we used to speak. I have had callers at the gates of La Chateau in the only being I could ever have loved, my heart has never responded to me. So beautiful as he was, dear Belle—with a man's best beauty! I have never seen a face like his since! Ah, Belle, it is only my memories are when I think of him, and wonder on what cruel shore those bright eyes are looking now. We shall never meet again—I often cry this to myself, when I begin to build castles in the air about him. And I shall "Ickle" to my side. I put my arms around his shaggy neck, and toss my head upon him while I wear a few quiet tears for one who once loved him too. The noble creature seems to understand my thoughts, and looks in my face, and wags his tail, or licks my hand, as if he tried to say how he regretted him. Ah, Belle, how lonely the heart must be, after all, in spite of its natural gayety, that finds its best solace and support in the dumb sympathy of a dog!

But I will not sadden you or myself by dwelling any longer on what is past. I will put my writing aside for a time, and resume it when I am more in my usual mood. It is rarely that there sad thoughts come over me, Belle, and when they do, I find that action is the best cure. So, in the place of weeping for one who has long since forgotten me, I will go to my mother, who is just setting off on her daily pilgrimage over the farms. I will listen to her as she gives directions to her laborers about the coming harvest; I will accompany her while she visits her friends in the village, and I shall come home quite a different being.

Adieu, dear Belle, for the present. My mother bids me say to you that she shall be most happy to welcome her daughter's dear friend here for the holidays. So when you receive this from Miss Expired, I shall have you here with me for a long visit. This will be delightful. I am thinking a story for your express and the Belle room over my own is being fitted up for you. I have long your favorite pictures on the walls, and the charming old easy-chair close by the window which looks out into the garden. There you will have many a long talk. I go into that room every day, and can hardly wait for the hours to come when I shall see you there. It seems to me that the holidays were never half so long in coming before. But my patience is calling and I must go. Ever your affectionate friend,

MARGARET HALL.

Ingomar, August, 185—.

I have some *tiresome* news for you, Belle. We have a burglar. Some one got into my mother's old friends, from the city, who is to stay with us during the summer. His name is Mr. *James* Dacre, and he is a Professor of something or other in one of the Western colleges—I think a Professor overlooking all our wild fruits: and he wears gold glasses, too, like our teacher of Moral Philosophy at Chelsea, whom we all used to like so much.

My mother seems quite delighted with the addition to our family. With her own hands she has arranged the little room next before my own, which looks out on the garden. She has placed the brother of white counterpanes in it, and has the most choicely embroidered muslin curtains at the windows of the sitting-room, and her finest-woven of Dresden china on the side-board. Is not this all mine? She sent me out to gather flowers for the Professor's room, and I filled two large vases to make a bouquet of red clover and nettles; but I reserved five diagonal sprays of the most delicate for favorite white roses. A small cabinet piano has been set up, which arrived with the gentleman, and the sportsman easily learn to play upon it.

But I am in a pet. We were so comfortable here before the stranger came, and now our quiet will all be changed. My mother met him most cordially—I saw that in the first grasp of their hands, and there was some allusion made to "poor Angeline," which would be sad to me. However, I dare say I shall find it all out.

Provoking, isn't it, Belle? We shall have to take a thousand precautions every day, because of him that is something we are used to. We can no longer converse back to La Chateau, in the cordial lists, and forget all our troubles when we are out of sight of the Professor.

Oh, dear! I wish most sincerely that he and his piano were back again at his home, wherever that may be. I am going to my room to be with him and my mother. It is like going to sit in the pillory, Belle.

Your Heart Letter.

Like the pillory, did I say, Belle? Well, I must have been ashamed of myself, and I hereby take back every scandalous word I have uttered about the Professor. He is the most delightful man in the world, and you will find him so, as well as I.

In the first place, he is young, and as I imagined him to be. He is only forty-one, and looks much younger, because he wears no whiskers. Ah! This is the greatest fault I find with him. What manner of man is he—looking and dressed, and with gradual taste, and forget all our troubles when we are out of sight of the Professor.

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THE NEW YORK LEDGER

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ROBERT BONNER, Robert and Proprietor.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1857.

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Now is the time for our subscribers to renew their subscriptions, so that they may have the paper continued without interruption, as we invariably stop the Ledger to those persons at the time for which it is paid. Besides, it our yearly subscribers, who get our paper by mail, renew now, it will save us the trouble of crossing off their names and transferring them to books. Those of our friends who wish to get up clubs will find our terms at the head of this column.

MUTABILITY.

God alone is immutable—so truth alone is final. On the page of nature and over mortal destinies, is written mutability. Every thing subject to birth and death, to growth and decay. Those have their period and appointed hour—even the mountains, by a thousand transitions. One might deem that death is inevitable; even so is life. Life is inevitable and immutable; but he, too, through "all seasons are his own," shall, when the seasons and the years are past,

"And rose is but the flow of light,
And beauty but the breath of rose,"

be swallowed up, mutable as the mortalities he quenched. Our proper power over life and adolescence; the seasons perish and are renewed—their flows are transient; the blossom dies of full, brief as beautiful; the flowers image the undying, yet wither in an hour; melody of birds quivers from the groves, but silence succeeds the song. And all in beauty, then are shrouded and hidden; under all the heavens, while as the breath of the all-beholding sun, nothing reposes—the mutable cannot repose. It may change—but to its own mutability or law. But in grander and majesty the inexhaustible reposes, yet creates, unfolds, and sustains all things. What is the immutable labor it reposes; nor could the needs of myriads of universes stir the serenity of its depths. Whatever God is must be truly typed, as elsewhere is the universe of man and things. Then the old Greeks glorified their fabled him

"Over all the gods enthroned, in sovereign state,
By God-like rule and labor undisturbed."

The tinner, the falling leaves, and the quick and ever-eagerly succeeding harvests of death, carry our thoughts to this topic, as our eminently third to mutable in us whatever is not of God, and indistinct. The times—ah, indeed! these have taught the lesson of mutability, and bitterly. How that "riches take to themselves wings and flee away," and faithful to the Scripture, that "not standeth fast, take heed lest he fall." And the falling leaves—what a parable they recite to mutability. We see them born in the spring, and remember when May danced in the meadows with violets in her hair; we see them ripened in the golden summer, ere the pouch purpled its rind, and the whole whispered among Nature's Children—and sighingly, and now they lie out there, "on mountainside and wold," sere, fallen and dead. Within the little church of relief five dead were carried out. And death—who but the immutable God, everalterable, shall withstand his approach? Who but he bore the grim King lessons us to "work while it is day, for the night cometh, when no man can work"—cometh, in which no man can see." Let us, then, work wisely for ourselves, brotherly for our neighbor, loving for all, and to God reverently by for God; and at length, though mutable as mortals we be, shall we, through immortality, become one with the Immutable.

THE JEW

Is looking over the history of the human race for the last eighteen hundred years, we have inevitably found that persecution and persecution have receded upon themselves. When the Catholics employed fire and sword to root out Protestantism, were not some of the first men the world ever produced the Protestant martyrs? Again, when Protestantism gained the upper hand, and fiercely persecuted Catholicism, were not the cleverest and most learned men that lived, likewise brought into the martyrs? Where is there a race or body of men who have been so accustomed to persecution as the Jews? For eighteen centuries, in all parts of the world, they have been looked upon as a criminal—as something useless as a thing to be trampled on, reviled, kicked, and despised. Yet when did that race stand higher than at present? When did we ever before find so many of the brightest ornaments of the financial, commercial, the literary, the musical, and the dramatic world to be Jews?

The world to-day worships Mammon or reckons by and so entirely as it ought to worship God, and the very high priest of this religion, the first financier of the world, who holds peace and war in his hands, and at whose frown empires quake, kings tremble, and republics maintain peace, is a Jew. In literature, the Jewish element is still more prominent. The D'Israelis—the elder, immortal through his "Curiosities of Literature," and the younger, a novelist of the first class, and the leader of the Protestant party of the British Commons—are alone sufficient example. In the musical and dramatic world, Rachel, the Queen of Tragedy, Julian, the matchless conductor, and, on the great tenor, Rossini, Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer, the composers, and Henry Hugh, the eloquent and philosopher, are but a portion of the illustrious Jewish list.

Verily, the Jew is suffering persecution and the world's scorn. Hunted up and down the earth these many centuries past, and held good prey for the Christian in all the civilized world, he is at length redeeming his status in the human family, and outgrowing all the cowards and ostracisms of nations. In England, where two centuries past it was held a misdemeanor to plunder him, he is now a member of the House of Commons, and Lord Mayor of London. In Paris, Frankfurt, Berlin, London, Hamburgh and Madrid, he is the monarch of the exchange. Even here, he is present at half the dinners of the rich, and in the race represents us as minister abroad. We do not know a single country in which he is not a part and of his own creed, be Christianism, or at least humanism, under the genial influences of a tolerant age.

"NO GOVERNMENT."

Some people are constantly condemning government, as though there were no truth extant of Solon's "no government is perfect." Many of the impracticals, who never did and never will take counsel of common sense.

What a government! The regulation of human intercourse by rules having for their end the mutual good of all.

We have not stopped to hunt up an authorized definition. We have pondered to give one of our own. If it be a correct one, what justification can the "no government" creakers find for their complaints?

In history, man needs government more than the young of any other animal, as the top of the scale of animal life though he ranks so proudly. Of all young animals, he is accordingly the most deplorably helpless. As he grows up, he needs the control of his parents, and of society. When he is grown, he needs that of the organized community, the police or constabulary.

The laws of a State, a federation of States, like that under which we enjoy so many privileges, what are they, but as many rules applied in the way deemed most convenient? Those they are, and nothing else. What "no law" is anything but a family on an enlarged scale.

Away, then, with the "no-government clatter!" Government we must have. To deny it, in the fatuous, the assurance that the highest good of the governed is he aim and end, is to deny reason. When this is actualized, the true ideal of government will have proved itself to be what it is—divine.

SOUL TRIALS.

The days of the American Revolution have been so frequently alluded to as those which "tried men's souls" that the expression has become trite among the proverbial sayings of the nation, and has lost much of its original force and point. Its significance, and it has another form for the expression of moral heroism—that so many are prepared with the daily and hourly exhibitions of more physical courage around us, that the heroism of ordinary men are found equal to the trials of life. In extraordinary times, the converse becomes true—and then a test is furnish here and there, even the bravest of the brave!

When the storm of battle sounds, or only slightly ruffled, almost any swimmer may reach the shore, and congratulate himself on the issue of the struggle. It is tempest-tossed currents that furnish the fields of real triumph. Such were those encountered by the brave Ajaxes, who dared to make their way back a bridge for his apprehended fire escaping from the flames of Troy. And like many of those the waves of adversity through which the world's most heroic men have had to struggle sink to the bottom in despair!

Let us, here again, learn a lesson for the times, and award at least the meed of praise justly due to those whose forethought and courage have prepared them for the worst, and sustained them when the worst was at hand. Such are the world's truest heroes; whose words can only be fully appreciated when they are found standing firm amid "soul trials" that have overturned scores of merely reckless men in the same sphere of action!

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

Ours is a secular journal. We wage no warfare against any religious sect. If a man believes a lie, we will be the last person to tell him so, and aid in taking this view of theological controversies, we have frequently been surprised at the golden and bad feeling which have characterized religious discussions. Indeed among Catholic and Protestant sect, and a Protestant and a Catholic, in consequence of a difference of opinion? Is it not ridiculous? Think of two men of infidel views coming together, and mutually endeavor to ascertain if they could be induced to unite in a common effort to persuade people of opinions, prejudices, or anything else to which they were not previously accustomed. We do so—it is wicked—it is destructive of their own interests and welfare. They all profess to believe in the divine Son of God, and the immortality of one common Father, they should endeavor to instruct each other in the way by which they should not allow themselves to be carried away by worldly men, who endeavor to make proselytes of their than Christians. How a truly religious man can bring himself to think that it is right to persecute one of his fellows on account of a difference in belief, is more than we can comprehend. No religious man can be a persecutor. Hypocrites and wolves in sheeps' clothing may.

Good Advice.—A chestnut loses its beauty as good for an inward as healthy weather. To make a sick man think he is a tyrant, and that is necessary to his best and speediest hope and courage are as calming as commonest compliment, always, more necessary, whatever is most needful.

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FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Rosalie Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

"WHERE HAVE I BEEN, AND WHAT HAVE I SEEN?"

Well—in the first place, I have been to see Miss Hunter's statue of "Beatrice Cenci," and found all who read this will go, too. Now, if you look for an artistic description of it, you must look elsewhere, for I am very poorly of walking distinction who will point to you about the "pose" of the figure, etc., or they will thoroughly confuse scientific specialties. I shall simply say that to my eye it is so supremely lovely, I could almost weep that so lovely of life will ever worn it into love. If there is a fault in close-shaking lines, and in that, I am not sure, I fear, I thank the gods my eye was too dull to perceive it; and I thank the gods, too, that the young sculptress has had the courage to assert herself—to be what nature intended her to be—a genius—even at the risk of being called unfeminine, eccentric, and unwomanly. "Unwomanly!" because not half-educated, half-developed, half-cultured and unlike her sex! Unwomanly! because the galleyed over the country on horseback in search of health and pleasure, instead of drawing on her pocket-handkerchief, and taking a lap-dog and fainting to exhibit the fashions, by dawdling about the streets. Well, be her unwomanly, then, if any—I will there are more women like her—for the same complaint; let her be "eccentric," if nature will have it so—and I will drop a tear over the apologies of their conservative old ladies of both sexes. And "the gentlemen of London, Paris, Petersburgh, London, Hamburgh and Madrid, be it the monarch of the exchange. Even here, he is present at half the dinners of the rich, and in the race represents us as minister abroad. We do not know a single country in which he is not a part and of his own creed, be Christianism, or at least humanism, under the genial influences of a tolerant age.

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Dress is a family in the city that has "escaped taxation." As the phrase goes, a very little fortune by enclosing runs in the direction. Plenish when cash is ready, but not always in the world.

We don't correctly believe in that. Rags do often end in wealth. People who are careful, prudent, and economical, and who do not trouble themselves much on account of a hole in the elbow, and who are not particularly nice about being rigged out in the most modern fashion, are more likely to accumulate wealth than those who put all their thoughts upon their backs. At least, this is the result of our observation.

THE KING IS SICK.

Verily, mere or less all the kings are sick. Not feeble, merely, for that they have been since Napoleon played his game among their thrones, backed by the people, his pedestalers—but sick—"divine right"—but downright unsweated, with his pillow pitiable sighing man has forced down their throats. They are sick of the burdens and loathsome of the people, who will no longer pay so of old, "long like the king." But especially in the king of Prussia sick; so sick, that the world would be in suspense. The king is sick, and every ear for royalty is "cocked" to hear how the king progresses. Bulletins and courtiers fly to spread the "alarming" news. Electric wires and newspapers groan with the king's groans. "How is he?" from hour to hour cry all the royal cousins. The muffled knocker of his palace door vibrates from throne to throne.

Poor man—as such we pity him; but when specially we turn thing is ill that a king should be sick! Better be sick and dead, and buried fathom deep, than live for fools or tyrants, as many of them have been. Whether sick or well, the majority of Prussia be of these classes, though since the days of Frederick, German kings and princes have not been extraordinaries. But all indulges aside, what difference does it make whether the father a king is sick or well, whether he lives or dies? Save the autocrats of Russia and Prussia, kings are no longer of much account at the councils. They are born and they die, and nature gives no sign of the event.

"But is not personnel ill the sky."

But it is of some consequence to all the world, that the king of Prussia—when the Almighty pleased, who has had the human mind a step forward? Is it not of some consequence that a statesman—or the artist, who has sculptured, or painted, or builded grandly, thus enlarging the empire of the beautiful—be sick and dead—or that a musician be sick, and we all lament when they die. The world can't spare the king of Prussia, but can Meyerbeer, or Cruvelli. These were both kings in their way, who held dominion where the king of Prussia is uncared for and unknown. Evidently the last folly, as Carlyle says on the "Old Clothes" question, that of kingship will be the last question to lend a grudger ear to whatever concerns the people. It is a part of the world's ingrained into man during ages of vassalage to kings and lords, to be up to speed with their every foible. The kingly office, if useful and well filled, we can respect; but the king, who is not clean quit of the old feudal kingly principle of being a master, is a poor, rubbishy affair. We see that, as with other human things,

"Death lays his icy hand on kings,
With just as little reverence as when he clips the flickering taper of a tinker."

WAR.

If it be true that a suit of peace is the time to prepare for war, it is equally true that a spirit for ers, such as we Americans are now enjoying, is the time to encourage ourselves in the blessings of tongue, not to say the horrors, of war, and of the blessings of peace.

Lord Chesterton took no superficial view of war, when he said it lays our natures and manners bare, as it does our political institutions. Who can as easily preserve the beauty of the corpse the battle-field, as the sentiment which the combination of drums and trumpets. That it due play and to all the faculties, all kindnesses, the very humanity around us, and thereby lies one of the secrets of the fascination over the nations that count rather than shun it.

Blessed are the arts of Peace, as compared with the arts of War! And happily in the nature of things moves do not now dragged forth, after the fabled manner of the old Gallows, to grow into realities in it!

In better recently, after viewing the operations of the United States armory at Harper's Ferry, Va., well suggested the immediate saving not only, but gain also the nation would realize by having those huge manufactories of guns into manufactories of plows and other implements of the most peaceful of all arts, Agriculture!

Who does not, in view of such considerations as those, and hundreds of others which the very contrast of the word "peace" with the word "war" calls to mind, long for the promised time of "the coming," when swords shall be converted to ploughshares, and spears into pruning-hooks and the nations of the earth shall learn war no more?

THE WINGS OF RICHES

We are told by wise men that riches make themselves wings, and fly away on them. To render them stationary, therefore, the rich man says they "fly away like an eagle towards heaven"—that is, they bring the emblem of swiftness of flight, in his day as now.

What, then, are the wings of riches, thus figuratively described? Evidently they are idleness, improvidence, and prodigality. On inherited wealth they have been known to settle, and bear it away as a general rule, while their use justifies the proposition. Riches coming one way and going the same way. The next class of wealthy people among whom the wings of riches are apt to be found are "self-made men." And here is the rub. This is a very numerous class in this country, and one which is daily increasing in numbers, and to which is acknowledged to be "fast" in all things. Every opportunity may be said to be open to get riches, for its realization suggests that the time for accumulation has arrived—the point where the desire to be independent, and secure against want, wealth, or riches, is but too apt to intrude itself. Once possessed, this ultimate object is attained, and wealthy state which Pope alludes to in this couplet:

"Is there whose anguish bears to crest"—

the quieter chemistries being the "angels," of wealth, and everybody the "fools."

Yet, perseverance is a noble quality, or, rather, a combination of qualities, in which courage and courage meet forethought and discretion, and work together, for good, in the most beautiful accordance.

Young man! do you feel discouraged? Arouse your perseverance. If you cannot be a leader in swiftness, determine to be a tortoise in steadiness of progress, and ultimate success. Never be afraid of many a distance here in the great race of humanity.

WIT AND WISDOM.

PROVERBIAL AND SELECTED—PUTTERED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER.

Wisdom is an exquisite production of nature, between a man and an Angel—though we have heard various other definitions. She is a treasure, of which the prodigious can never appreciate the value, for he who possesses it never can possess one. Socrates says that the Creator has implanted a monitor of having regarded the counsel of men, but does not inform us that he ever regarded having regarded it.

Youth is a magic lantern that surrounds us with the forms which we paint from the fairest imagination, whatever may be their nature. The old age of the musical box is the time when it plays the best tunes. The old age of the violin, and the precious gems of wisdom are, and they, threatening every moment to expire, shook a ghastly light—upon a day satin-cloth full of grand conversation, but upon a dismal shroud.

An absent-minded gentleman tells us that we shall be surprised to learn that he never was sick. We are sure he is not surprised to learn that he never was sick. We never met in a wild German story, that a man and his shadow or his soul, when at once cut it up and sold in the market. We have no objections to disposing of our new shadow in the same way.

There is a class of people who think they serve God better by shutting up the world when they serve it; return to the worst possible motive, taking it for granted that all men are perverse and all women reprobate. If this misanthropical ignorance is knowledge of the world, it is a very sad one, and we should be sorry to possess it.

Quite a number of women, most of them old bachelors, have written to us to know what they can get to be to gain a true knowledge of the nature and attributes of man. We respectfully answer to them that they are not going the right way to work. Why don't they get married?

Ingratitude.—Ingratitude is an itch for paying into other people's pockets the debt we owe to them. Ingratitude laudatory after knowledge on such knowledge—a comedy of the heart, and not at all serious. Ingratitude presupposes false views in some—gives herself on having the very first benefit—and is the basest of meanness.

Where a couple of our friends were looking over the warrior's shield, one of them said he can bear a very strong constitution to himself. "I do not see that it is very strong," said the other, "because it is made of wood." "Yes," said the first, "but it is covered with leather."

To be jealous is to torment yourself for fear you should be tormented by an another. Some suitor asks why a woman should not be jealous, and we think the logic to would have found an answer to that question if he had looked into our last sentence.

The sensations excited by wit are destroyed if it is not brought to the strongest point. The moment it is mine, as the fascinations of wit when they had tasted of their sweetness, but to be a dull reader, and a dull writer, more nearly akin to conversations than to analytical pleasures.

Many of our readers are very much interested and by adverse fortune to perform stratagems for a livelihood. It is to be hoped that they will be put in possession of land to bear from time to time.

Eloquence is like the thinker what the sparkles to the growing iron, as it is whirled hurtling from the forge to the anvil. The thinker is the iron of the simulation from the soul; and the language is the light of the thinking thought.

Sometimes we have thought that we would very nearly so apply to those beneath them the same words we do our superiors. Men may be our equals, but they are not our peculiar subjects to whom we are by no means equal.

The world is a book, and he who stays in a perpetual beside by servitude and departure—by the going away of those who have lived and are not, and by the coming of those who have a mission to write.

Cheap.—Cheap and nasty is a phrase that is applied to many articles of merchandise, but, if all facts were generally known, it would be found that the cheapest and the nastiest article in the world is the human heart.

Mr. Bonner, the editor of the New York Ledger, has a very strong constitution to himself. "I do not see that it is very strong," said the other, "because it is made of wood." "Yes," said the first, "but it is covered with leather."

Wit and wisdom are the two most powerful elements in the world, and they are the most powerful elements in the world, and they are the most powerful elements in the world.

Warmth is the painting of invisible words—the giving of substance and color to immaterial thought, or, rather, to make the unseen to be seen.

Not only to a whole language but to a whole life the word yes or no is often of the greatest, so many an unhappy wit has found to her cost.

"I become myself," says the weak only when I go into genial society." "Then they will be likely to beat you with sticks," said the sarcastic gentleman in the corner.

In our people would have change in their pockets, we should have more change in their hearts. Not in this case, "change will follow change."

Wrinkles are unmistakable signs of ideas, and quite as often of the want of them.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A late rolling cane Norfolk, Virginia, when fleeing her journey a few days since, dropped a silver shield, with the inscription on it, "Presented to Lieutenant Jones by a large gobbler unceremoniously acted and swallowed." Lieutenant Jones, the lucky, with great promptness seized the carcass, and with her scissors made an opening in its crop, found the shield, and restored it to the owner. The patient recovered.

A party of over-land emigrants to Oregon was attacked a few weeks since by a couple of grizzly bears, about two hundred miles beyond Fort Laramie. One of the women said a child, besides dreadfully lacerating several of the party, before they could be driven off or killed. Another woman's husband was severely wounded. She was of them nearly killed a man who was with them, and who was trying to defend them.

A duel was lately fought in Alabama, by a contest between two ladies. The cause of the duel was a several dance without effect, the combatants bounce an encounter, and the result was that one of the ladies was shot over the head with deep pistol, until one of the bones, including the forehead, ran off with a bullet, and put an end to the disgraceful combat.

A duel was lately fought in Indiana, was lately struck by lightning and instantly killed, and as the same moment, by the same flash, a mule standing near was struck dead, a cold, stiffed.

It is said that an effort will be made at the next session of the Legislature of this State, to abolish our county courts and place the whole "business of county" in the hands of three commissioners in other articles.

The annual cost of governing the city of New York is about $5,000,000, that of Boston $1,500,000, that of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, $1,000,000.

The nobility in India has been so far suppressed, that the Governor-General has recently conferred the title and the few remaining bands of substance Sepoys will wear a distinguishing badge.

Sorry for "branch of promise" are becoming a common evil. Some of the most distinguished men in this State recently gave the pair of defiance to a band of musicians.

A young woman was recently sentenced to six months' imprisonment in the Tombs, Boston, for stealing a newspaper (probably a Ledger) from a store in Boston.

At the late fair at Stockton, California, among the prizes offered was a $50 dress to the successful lady who should make the best loaf of bread.

Four apprentices of Clarksville, Tennessee, recently attended their deceased parents in one day, at a report from one of the posse.

The wheat crop of Georgia this year amounts to over three hundred thousand bushels. Other years it did not reach sixty thousand.

A Rattlesnake was killed a few days ago near Allentown City, Pennsylvania, the measured thirteen feet in length.

AN EMBLEM.

BY ALICE CARY.

Once in a garden
A long time ago,
Under a bean-vine
With blossoms like snow,
But a little spider—
Some say a big one as size,
Some one as small as a flea—
(Few dispersal agree)
Burrowed before her
Straight in a row.

But the three a-spinning,
Though they were three
From the spinner being
In the act of one,
Never for a moment
Was her labor done—
Nothing for her sewing,
Only work, content soon—
No complete achievement
Of anything begun;
Therefore twas a marvel
Why the cat did spun.

THE PIONEER PATRIOT;

OR

THE MAID OF THE WAR-PATH.

A STORY OF THE MOHAWK VALLEY DURING THE REVOLUTION.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1877, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHAT JOCKO FOUND IN THE FOREST.

On Thursday night the two hundred men were assembled upon the paradeground of the fort, and placed under the command of Major Cartwright. Philip Lacroy was assigned the place of guide and aid to the commander, and a rank given him in the expedition equal with that of the majors. It was past midnight when they set out, and the whole garrison was up to see them off. The night was calm and pleasant, the stars lay all out, and a gentle breeze from the west fanning the foliage and bushes of the heat, which left it quite supportable during the day.

The "Black Bluffs," as called by a few settlers near them, were simply a mass of rocks, forming a sort of ledge upon the lake shore, with a broad belt of sandy beach between them and the water, and reaching up towards the south to a high ridge of heat which was densely timbered. The ledge was extended only a few rods—perhaps twenty—along the beach, and the cliffs, from their base to the brow of the ridge, might have been forty feet. There were innumerable hiding-places amid the jagged mass, and some of the Indians who accompanied the expedition supposed that the Indians might conceal themselves there; but they thought only superficially. So felt sure they would meet openly upon the sandy beach, where the fray was clear, and the opportunity for communication free. Surely they had no fear of detection, for they had every reason to believe that their purposed meeting was a profound secret among themselves.

However, in approaching the Bluffs it was necessary to decide this question. The distance from the fort by the path the Patriots were obliged to take, was nearly thirty miles, and most of the way, after leaving the ruins of old Fort Newport, was difficult and dubious. They dared not take the open trail, as some of the Mohawks would be sure to be making their way by that route. In many instances a road had been cut through the thick wood, and over and down the trees, blown down by the wind, blocked up the way.

The sun was up when they reached Oneida Creek, and they had ten miles yet to travel. The stream was forded some five miles from its mouth, and when they had all reached the western bank they stopped for consultation. Philip was of the opinion that the Indians were upon the open beach, as the crescent-like form of the shore and of the Bluffs, would effectually conceal them from the view of any one not very near or upon the water.

"If they had reason to apprehend a surprise it would be different," he said; "but they can have no such fear. They have made all this plan for the meeting simply on account of its central position, as regards their people. I am sure they will meet upon the beach; but we will be upon the safe side. We can form an order of march, and have scouts out ready to fall back at the first moment an Indian is seen."

"I think your advice is good," replied Cartwright; "and to save time suppose we follow it?"

The rest of the officers agreed, and the men were speedily arranged for the march. Flankers were formed, of forty-five men each, who were to proceed in single file, at a distance of forty yards apart. Between each column were stationed four men, who were to form a line of communication in case of sudden need. Then the remaining eight men, who had been selected on account of their long experience as forest scouts, were posted upon the right and left, and in the rear and front—two in each position—as scouts. Major Cartwright assured that if an Indian were near, the old hunters would be sure to see him.

After these arrangements had been made, Philip Lacroy asked the most valuable acquisition of the lot, in the person of a stalwart half-breed named Jocko. The black conjurer was sent ahead, with the understanding that he should give an alarm if he saw an Indian. If the Indian was directly ahead he was to utter the cry of an eagle; if upon the right hand, the quack of a crow; and if upon the left, the deep, clear pipe of the blackbird. If the Indian should be approaching the party, he was immediately to add the warble of the thrush. But, should he have been mistaken, or should the Indian have passed on ahead, so as to be out of sight and hearing, then cry was to be suddenly repeated—first in a loud key, and then a little lower. With this arrangement Jocko started on ahead, and the order was given to march.

For three hours the party moved on without meeting anything to alarm them. The head of the columns had just crossed a small brook, however, when the shrill, startling cry of an eagle broke upon the air, and in a moment more came the sweet warble of the thrush. Cartwright gave a hurried order for a halt, and then he glided forward. He had gone but a few paces when a movement in a distant tree attracted his attention, and presently he saw the dusky form of Jocko waving his tomahawk. He stopped, and bade the old hunter who had come up to remain quiet a moment. He saw the negro run to the top of the tree, where he remained a few moments, and then glide away carefully down out of sight.

A minute elapsed, and then the wild eaglecry sounded again, and was quickly repeated. This was followed by the low, stupid scream of an owl, and so peculiarly drawn out that Philip knew Jocko had uttered it.

"What can it mean?" queried the major.

"Ah—I have it," said our hero. "The owl is the symbol of wisdom and the bird of night. He must mean caution."

"Certainly," returned Cartwright; and having thus spoken, he turned and gave the order for marching forward as cautiously as possible, which order was conveyed to the distant columns in a very few moments.

Meanwhile, Philip hastened forward, and when he had reached the tree up which he had seen Jocko climb, he found that individual upon his knees, holding down to the earth a stout Mohawk warrior. The Indian was upon his breast, his mouth and nose driven into a bed of fern, and moss, and his hands held behind him.

"Ha! What ye got?" was Philip's first question, as he saw the state of affairs between his adversary and the red man.

"Hi-yah-ya! Catched 'um rapp'n! He was creep'n under de tree like a long-tailed cat, an' I dropped onto 'im like a 'possum on a snake! Hiyah-yah! Aint he a beauty?"

"But are there more about? You gave the cry of an owl. What did you mean?"

"I meant, *keep dark*. Yer Injians had gone on ahead, dat's all. But I s'pose dey is gwine now."

By this time Major Cartwright had come up, and as soon as he saw the state of things beneath the tree, he passed the order for another halt. Then he stepped forward and drew a knife from his belt.

"Lacroy," he said, turning to our hero, "if you will hold your sword to that fellow's bosom, I will handle him in short order."

The Indian was turned upon his back, and Cartwright knelt by his side, and seized his long hair.

"Look ye, Mohawk!" said he, in a tone and with his garnetts to take what they had got, and march along. He had a heavy pistol, and the expression which was visible, even through the paint upon his countenance, plainly told that he was in earnest.

"Will you come out?" cried one of the Patriot soldiers, out of patience.

"No—but I shoot if you don't go away! I shoot in one minit!"

On the next instant a bullet had passed through his head, and with a wild leap he bounded forward, and fell at the feet of his captors. They saw that he was dead, or that he would be in a few fore seconds, and then turned away and left him where he had fallen. They could not carry his body with them, nor could they stop to bury him.

As soon as the prisoners were all arranged, the order was given to march. They were back over to be by a good path the whole distance, as the party were able to form in quite close order. The prisoners marched in double file, as they were bound, with a column of soldiers upon each side, to keep them in order, while the rest of the Patriots marched, part ahead and part in the rear.

During the march, Cartwright approached the head of the prisoners' column, where the Great Fox was ordered to walk alone. As the chief saw the Patriot commander so near, he spoke to him.

"What is it?" asked the sagacious to be came up.

"I want to ask you a question," the Fox replied, in his coarse, broken English, which, as on other occasions, we refrain to the plain vernacular.

"I am ready."

"How did you know where we were?"

"We knew you were to meet there several days ago."

"Ugh! How?"

"One of our men overheard a Mohawk warrior tell the other."

"Ugh! You have a prisoner—had him when you came upon us?" the chief asked.

"No," asserted the major. "We knew where you were to meet; when, how many, and for what, four days ago."

"Ugh! Tell me how."

"I will tell you a man who can tell you," said Cartwright; and then speaking, he sent for Philip. When our hero came up, the chief looked at him—

"The Great Fox wishes to know how we gained the intelligence of the meeting of his people. I told him one of our men overheard a Mohawk warrior tell the other. That is the way I explain how. Can not you satisfy him?"

"Ugh!" grunted the disgusted Philip. And then turning to the captured chieftain, he added—

"Four of your men were killed as they came down the river, when they met the young Mohawk chief, Kanadanegen, and during their interview, and at the time he told them where the meeting. There chanced to be a Patriot spy within a very few yards—one who had seen the red men meet, and who drew as near as he could, and heard everything that was spoken on the occasion. That is the way in which your secret leaked out."

The old Fox said "Ugh!" and then sank into a state of gloom and sullen silence.

The company had passed Fort Newport, and were just entering the narrow path west of the clearing, when they overtook a party of three persons. The eldest was a short, thick-set woman, where about fifty years of age, with gray hair, small gray eye, and a face seeming to possess but little beauty of any kind. By her side was a young man, aged about twenty-five, taller than the first, with a face full of manly beauty. His face was a very ordinary affair, though possessing a good share of shrewdness. The rear of the party was not over twenty-two, quite short and small, and carrying upon his face a smart, keen, active look, which any one could see was a woman person, or to a very great degree.

Major Cartwright and Philip looked the very trio of misery and want. They arose from a log upon which they had rested, and as their visitors approached them and the old man advanced to speak with the commander—

"Uh! I know you are Patriots!" he said, in weak, tremulous tones.

"We are friends," the major responded.

"Thank God! I've found friends at last. Oh! I learned tell you was coming, and waited for you. The Tories and Indians have murdered my wife, and five of my children!—butchered them before my very eyes. I escaped with these two, and the only one left to me. Here they are, God bless us!—saved from the fire and the tomahawk. Even what I got off. But my house is in ashes, my crops half-eaten, my cattle all killed or driven off, and my furniture and tools all destroyed! We have made our way thus far, hoping to reach the fort before another one fell."

"Where are you from?" asked Cartwright, kindly, for the sympathies of the major responded.

"Utah! I've been a poor, hard-working man. Oh! I learned tell you were

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

full number that had gone away on the night before.

As soon as the old prisoners were disposed of, Colonel Willett sent for the old man and his two sons, who had come with the laboring expedition. His sympathies were at once excited as they presented his presence, and he had resolved to keep them as he had questioned them.

The father told the same story as the commandant had he had told to Cartwright, and the more powerful appeal upon his attention in behalf of the butchery of his wife and little ones.

"I shall be wrong in any way, sir, as soon as I overcome the fatigue and sorrow that now weigh me down," he added, "and then I shall make ex cuse a soldier as any one of your men and better."

"Then you would like to enlist?"

"Yes, sir. Anything, so that I can have an opportunity to strike a blow in return for the terrible wrong that has been heaped upon me!"

"And your sons?"

"O—they will do enlist, of course."

"Very well. I see nothing to prevent. We have room in our ranks for over fifty more men. But can you tell me where the men were from who attacked your house?"

They were some of Butler's men, and the Indians from Wyoming. I never saw any of them save one white man, who came two days before, and told me to get up to the Forks."

After a few more questions of no particular importance, the old man and his sons were dismissed, and the colonel sent an orderly with them to the quarter-master's department, with orders to have them fed and clothed.

"Mark," whispered Jacko, taking the young man by the sleeve as he stood with the rest at the commandant's office, "jist look a leab. I wants to say somefin. Him ye wanted to see de man wid de two young 'uns?"

"Yes, why?" returned Philip, turning upon his servant with an eager look.

"Haint ye spected nuffin, mate?"

"Suspected? No. What do you mean?"

"Why—I don't know as I means anyfing; but I don't like dat looker. I spects he don't want'n me do de way."

"But how out of the way, Jacko?"

"Why—dey doesn't look like what dey 'pears to be. Dey tell too much 'bout Indin' de Tories, an' habn't dey got fuller beards dan dey looks too kind ov onions like 'bout de fort. Ah-hah! Don't like 'em nuffin, Mark."

"But—do you suspect anything in particular, Jacko?"

"I suspicions dey am spies on some kind. I can't tell any more, 'cause I don't know 'em."

Without the idea from his manner, Philip might not have suspected anything wrong in the three new-comers; but now that his attention had been called particularly to that point, he began to see that the old man and his two sons behaved very differently from what he might expect of them under such circumstance as they professed to have been placed. The youth's mind was at once filled with sudden suspicion at the present time, for he had much to fear from treachery and spies.

"Jacko," he said, earnestly, "I believe you are right. Will you watch them narrowly?"

"Gorbs mate, I will, sure."

And with this our lads went away to put Isabel on her guard; for nothing of a suspicious character, with threatenings of danger attached, could transpire, without all the girls in the fort in mind the effective *debut* of Master Moses Van Scratt.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A STARTLING DISCOVERY.

After the capture of the Indians under the Moravian, Cartwright, Good Fox, and Gilchrist away without any overmuch worthy of note as connected with our narrative. Several days elapsed, and peace in the valley; Patriot families were unmolested, robbed by both Tories and Indians; and the men of the garrison of Fort Wyoming had a good work in capturing various marauding parties. Butler and Johnson, with their men—both red and white, were hovering about first here, then there; but were to leave a trail of blood at every station behind them.

It was on the morning of the twenty-fifth of October. The sun was cool and bracing, and a light hoar frost was just disappearing beneath the warm rays of the risen orb, when the horseman came dashing up the river road. They were Patriot soldiers, and each had his haversack filled with provisions and came waving a free his head. By the time they entered at the sally-port, the whole garrison was aroused, so that they had a hearty cheer for the comers.

One of the new-comers leaped upon a gun-bed and took off his hat.

"Fellow Patriots!" he shouted, at the top of a powerful voice, "I come to give you joy! *Lexington and General Burgoyne, with his whole army, has been forced to our arms General!* Now for one more three cheers!"

For some seconds after the man had ceased speaking every breath seemed hushed; but soon a murmur arose, which swelled into a shout, and made the very parapets trouble.

Burgoyne surrendered! The brilliant army with the ambitious British leader had been Champlain for the purpose of sweeping all before it—all suppressed and held down by the force which were to have held in awe the Rebels everywhere in the region of the country had been overrun, and laid waste by the Rebels, and their enemies annihilating away under a solemn obligation to fight no more in America. Could it be possible?

Aye—true true. The messengers explained it all. Our own soldiers, on the seventeenth of the month, after a severe conflict, the British ground had surrendered at Saratoga, and the whole army prisoners of war, numbering in all five thousand seven hundred and ninety-one! The surrender was of formality.

It was a joyful season to the garrison, and hope burned with a brighter flame in every Patriot heart. If the great army of the North had been totally vanquished, why might not other armies be wrested from it? They could be. They should be!! The great shall not trample on us more!"

So spoke stout hearts; and hopeful women and maidens were soon busy in preparing a feast.

The day passed away, and the shadows of various kinds and sizes seemed to rejoice more heartily than did those fraternal and his two sons. Over all a cordial welcome was given, and those Starbirds entered the fort, too, yet nothing had been seen in them at all amiss. They had not been grouped together at their duties, and in all things seemed to have the interest of the fort at heart. Both Jacko and Philip had watched them narrowly, but the latter had seen nothing to justify his suspicions.

"Pooh! Pooh! or at good bad true, man as my here," scorn'd my hero.

"My salvation alive, Mark,—you know I wouldn't say nuff'n 'at I didn't believe," returned Jacko, with such earnestness. "I suspicioned 'em when dey first came, no! I suspicions 'em now."

"But what can be your reasons for such suspicions, Jacko? They've been here now a long time, and surely no three men could have been more kind, more obedient to the good of the garrison, or more prompt in duty."

"A-yah, Mark! I knows dat bit. Dey's been to dat fild. Dey's been allfingerable too anxious to please everybody. I hain't done a-watch'n on 'em.

"Very well, Jacko,—you may watch to your heart's content, and I hope you may succeed in detecting them if they are up to any mischief."

The negro said he meant to do his best he could; and with this the two separated.

As there was no danger to be apprehended from any enemy in the immediate vicinity of the fort, small parties were allowed to go out, and take a turn in the wood after game, instead of which was shot and brought in. It was on the second day after the arrival of the messenger from Saratoga that James Starbird and his two sons were out, with some fifteen or twenty more. When Jacko saw them preparing to go he hastened away and got permission to go likewise, though he said not a thing about his reason for so doing.

Accordingly, after the hunting party had gone, Jacko followed, and when he came in sight of them, he hung around, beyond their view, in turn only upon keeping close he espied a deer. At the sight of the game the Starbirds were very quickly aligned away from his companions, and piled up a fine lot of game, of which they did not wait to see if the young Starbirds would follow, but quickly started on after the deer, and when he overlook in a small by-path, and sailing very swiftly. But the negro could gaining on rapidly as could do, and he let fly very near at that.

Finally James Starbird reached the bank of the river, about five miles below the fort, and there he found a small skiff, in which he and his sons put over the old man approach the boat, and saw him push with out. He approached the spot as quickly as possible, at the same time being careful not to be in sight of the old man. The boat had been almost near enough to overhear what was said, when Starbird pushed off, and began to row with his broom, and headed it to the business. Then the latter jumped back into his skiff, and put off, and Jacko only heard the words:

"Pull down as fast as you can, for the Rebels are about in the woods just above."

James Starbird spoke this before the man entered his boat, and when he was seen by the others down the river, and disappear beyond a bend, he turned and paused directly beneath the bank of a tree upon which the sable spy was sitting.

"My salvation!" ejaculated Jacko, after the old reprobate had passed out of sight, "I knowed dey be 'a' sold jist a bottle numb'n! but I could'n hear! But I'll find out! I'll find out!" And he did. Dat or better am for ole Bradstock, jist a'ter as dat! So soliloquized the negro, and with a dubious shake of the head, which repeated at short intervals for the next half hour, the negro slipped from his perch, and made his way back to Starbird.

When Jacko came in sight of the hunting party again he found the old man with them. The Patriot had remained very near together, and in order to that effect had been given them by the commandant. The three were troublous, and surprise was not impossible. When the old man had left Starbird upon his return, that individual was considerably excited with him all the way to the fort.

Jacko guard up his tale his old companion's face, and though he was perfectly aware that she must be pailing on nice which she would not dare to assume before any one else, yet he, for love for her way, feeling sure that she did know what ailed him, and she could give him relief.

"It's been two, haint ye, Jock?" Phillis asked, as she found that he sought to more explanations of her inclosed terms.

"I can. I got wet last night. I swim'd over de Susquehanny."

"Ah—that's it. Ye've got a dreffful cold."

And she did seem overjoyed to get some hot water in a wooden pail, and having made a drink from some herbs she had by her, she accompanied it with some apples, over which she poured him to soak his feet in water which came nigh scalding him. After this she helped him into bed, and then gave him the drink. She remained with him until she saw he felt better, and then retired to the apartment of her mistress.

Poor Jacko didn't like the at all, for he knew that all a going out for that night would be out of the question; and as midnight James Starbird was to be relieved, and he knew that he very much been able to keep an eye upon each of the three Starbirds at once when they were all in a group. But he could not do it now, though he felt the need of it more than ever before.

At half an hour after Phillis was gone Jacko was seized with a fit of vomiting, the warm bathing, having made the feel more comfortable than before; but he had kept it down as long as possible, thinking that in recovering some of the measure depend upon it. It was successful in its rebellion as thought, however, and when it came up he was ready with it in the vessel which the stomach. In a very short time therefore the poor found a small pile of vomit which he was ready to show the old man approach the boat, and saw him push with out. He approached the spot as quickly as possible, at the same time being careful not to be in sight of the old man. The boat had been almost near enough to overhear what was said, when Starbird pushed off, and began to row with his broom, and headed it to the business. Then the latter jumped back into his skiff, and put off, and Jacko only heard the words:

"Pull down as fast as you can, for the Rebels are about in the woods just above."

James Starbird spoke this before the man entered his boat, and when he was seen by the others down the river, and disappear beyond a bend, he turned and passed directly beneath the bank of a tree upon which the sable spy was sitting.

"My salvation!" ejaculated Jacko, after the old reprobate had passed out of sight, "I knowed dey be 'a' sold jist a bottle numb'n! but I could'n hear! But I'll find out! I'll find out!" And he did. Dat or better am for ole Bradstock, jist a'ter as dat! So soliloquized the negro, and with a dubious shake of the head, which repeated at short intervals for the next half hour, the negro slipped from his perch, and made his way back to Starbird.

When Jacko came in sight of the hunting party again he found the old man with them. The Patriot had remained very near together, and in order to that effect had been given them by the commandant. The three were troublous, and surprise was not impossible. When the old man had left Starbird upon his return, that individual was considerably excited with him all the way to the fort.

Somewhat later, as Jacko was leisurely returning to the fort, without suspecting that the hunting party would be back so soon, they came in sight. He heard them coming, but it was too late to conceal himself, so he plodded on, as though he cared nothing for them. And they cared nothing for him from behind him he could easily have slipped out of their way by a dexterous skirmishing of the path, and were almost out ere he heard them; or, at least, he feared he might be observed, so he had resigned to conceal himself, and as that would only make the matter worse, he kept on. He noticed that the Starbirds were all together, and seemed upon him, but he seemed not to see it.

"Ah, Jock!" cried Phillis, who was in a very feelish resolve. He resolved to keep his present discovery to himself until he had had opportunity for further investigation. He supposed there would be an answer to the letter he had sent delivered, and the had determined to watch for the bearer, and then follow the plot till he had obtained something positive upon which to found a charge against them all. He forgot that Phillip Lacey could be a careful as himself, and also, that he could be watched by the movements of the suspected party if he only had a clue to the necessity of such watching. Yet he had a clue to the necessity of such watching. Yet he was only likely to be fallen into by a shrewd, fearless person, with ambition to succeed. Such a person was Jacko, and he was the one whom we honored and loved. It would be a proud and happy moment for Jacko when he went to his master the whole plot all solved and laid bare, and the secret workings defeated and exposed.

But Jacko, the keen, shrewd spy, was only shrewd individual who had an eye upon the affairs of Philip Lacey. Some of the girls in the fort had measured the genius of James Starbird he did not know exactly the mode he had to contend with.

A week slipped away from the time of Jacko's discovery, but nothing more was seen by him which could give any clue of his suspicions. The three Starbirds were at their posts as before, and the sentry could not get into the fort without the activity for the good of the patriot cause.

It was on Saturday evening, and Jacko had been preparing some of his master's clothing for the morrow. He had done his work, and retired to the little room where he slept, and was awakened by negroes, and was engaged as a game of "poke-a-bush" with one of his fellow-countrymen, when he complained of feeling unwell. His head commenced to ache, and he felt slight nausea. He lay down upon the bed a while, but as that did not give him ease, he got up and went to see old Phillis, whom he always consulted in cases of discomfort. The old woman felt of his pulse; looked at his tongue; eyes; then she went and brought him a brew.

After Phillis returned from her attendance upon Jacko she sought her mistress, and informed her of what she had been doing.

"How sick is he?" Isabel asked, with much concern, for she loved the generous, devoted fellow with a love almost as only a pure, disinterested soul can feel for a lowly, dependent creature.

"Oh—he's dreffful sick, missus. He's cotched an awful cold, an' I'm 'fraid he's gwine to hab a run of fever. But see, Miss Bella, it hain't a girl like de sen'sun to git him well. But he was awful sick, mettin mah."

"But you think he is doing better now, do you?"

"O, yes. Arter I'd fix him all up,—sich one fair; wipe um dry; gib him a nuley powerful dose; an' put him on my own calkilations, he said he feel better dan I'll retire. You may fix my bed."

"I'm glad of that, Phillis, I'm sure," said the mistress, with a look of sympathy for the poor fellow.

"My goodness all Jerusalem! I should think he would hab a cold! He swum'd de ribber, clar across—ebe'n, from one side clare to t'odder across—ebe'n, from one side clare to t'odder across—ebe'n, from one side clare to t'odder

TO MARY OF DELAWARE

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Sweet Mary Victim hath won me well,
With tender voice and lo-some grace,
And ever in my heart shall dwell
The shadow of her perfect face.
The shadow—for all sunshine fair
An outline on that sacred shrine
As starlight on the silent water,
Of Delphi's oracle divine.

I love her, as I love all things
Of beauty I have loved and lost,—
The angel's harmonized chorus, things
The blossom dying in the frost;
Nay, but I love her better than
Than any glory passed away—
For she is living, and can say,
Or say hint of forbearance nay.

I have her as high sprite love
The lonely poet to his dream;
I love her as the shore, immortal stream
Loves her that rolls at its feet;
I love her as the sea loves
Some dying star as summer-tide
Across my enchanted dream I see

Love me, sweet Mary, with a part
Of the high love my life hath left;
And with that love I will be blest
Shall thirst not turn all things to gall
And yet I would not have the way.
Nor wear so leonard's cloud of gloom
When ever my heaviest heart awhile sweep
The sudden pain of sunshine rain!

CITY MEANNESS AND PARSIMONY.

The Corbyns were old residents of one of the large, old-fashioned houses of New York. Mr. Corbyn had emigrated thither from New England, when the woods of Jaffrey were still the old-fashioned, lumbering stage-coach, and the journey, a great part of it, through forests, and over the roughest of new roads, had occupied many days. When he left his home, the paving had been very serious, all his kith and kin lived in the country. Yankee coons who could trace relationship through marriage, or by consanguinity, had gathered at his father's substantial farm-house to bid him farewell. His mother hung about him and, weeping and bewailing his departure, his sisters were in distress that admitted no alleviation, and his father's gruff, choking voice, as he gave him his last word, was after wringing his son's hand, and went out upon the hillside, alone. He was going on a long and perilous journey, they all believed, and no exaggeration to the Eastern notion of the Pacific coast would, in those days, be but a hyperbole, compared with that which Richard Corbyn undertook, when, in the year 1815, he set out for the interior of New York.

Corbyn was a lawyer, and he put up his sign beside the door of a small log cabin, one of the half dozen buildings of that name, which was then framed house, a small, unpainted meeting-house, a tavern, a schoolhouse, a blacksmith's shop, and a few other stores of the most primitive description made up the settlement.

Corbyn studied the business of land agent with that of his profession, and enjoyed opportunities of speculating in land, which, in a pecuniary way, he indulged in. He had plenty of business, and nevertheless lived in, attached to the log cabin that was opened to them, his hard-working young valuin. His legal business also increased, and in two or three years he was able to build a somewhat ambi-bious, second which he laid out a fine garden. As soon as his residence was ready, he returned to his old home in New England. When he came back, after a few months' absence, he brought with him a bride, dear Mary Pratt, who had waited for him ever since he was a student in college, and who had cheered and encouraged him in many a long, struggling year, when, with poverty as his adversary, he slowly fought his way to fortune.

Clients of money then, to prepare which had been Mary's task during her engagement to Corbyn, and loads of honey, substantial furniture, and great, puffy feather beds—all the gifts of her partner—equally followed the bride, as she made preparations for the new house in which the married pair were soon settled. Here they lived for many years; here a group of little ones grew in beauty and strength, and the pleasant cottage became to them a sacred shrine for memories of their lives' joys and sorrows. All those years the village grew around them; the best part of Corbyn's home-farm, purchased by him at government prices, was portioned off into village lots, and sold at length a stately mansion, overlooking the blue, rivers that had made the site, and a busy street, was built just in front of the door old cottage.

Ere Corbyn was known as one of the richest men in all the country. He was president of the bank, director of the new railroad, had been elected to the State legislature, was one of the largest, and had held the office of county judge for successive terms. He was quite the great man of the village, and his wife, fully equal to her station, had proved the best of partners, and the most dignified of mistress. His children had completed, or were receiving, the best of educations, and were prepared to fill the place to which properly entitled for them by their father's industry and skill.

It was known through the whole country at the bowelless of villages. Many families of wealth came to settle there, and the residences lined its quiet, shady streets, and extended along the river, and the green hills encircling its further shores—the most picturesque imagery that could be conceived around the still undisturbed forests, the solidarity of all the inhabitants of such a seclusion were all charms to attract city people who required the quiet and repose of country life for their short summer months. No sooner, therefore, was the new railroad completed, than C became a famous summer resort for the better classes of the metropolis.

The Corbyns were widely known for their generous hospitality. As the leading family of C, their acquaintance was always sought with avidity, and their doors were ever open to the visitors from the city. And these visitors were delighted to sit at Mrs. Corbyn's well-spread table, where the choicest of country luxuries always abounded, or to roam through Judge Corbyn's elegant grounds, or sail over the waters of the lake in the boats, to fish in his streams, and to shoot in his woods.

While families would domicile beneath his hospitable roof for weeks in the fine summer weather, ordering their carriages, with the utmost freedom, his house was always open, receiving flying visits from friends, and sometimes, at almost unexpected and inconvenient seasons, filled his house to overflowing.

The self-esteem for the kindness heaped upon these city visitors usually consisted in a civility ex-pressed hope, or parting that they should some time see their hospitable entertainers in the city.

For two successive summers the fashionable Mrs. Lanston had honored C with her presence, and that of her party, consisting of two sharp daughters, a son, whose only apparent use was to serve as a figure for the display of the tailor's art, and a niece who was much admired and noticed, and who paid for these privileges, and the cost of clothes of the ladies, by acting as a sort of upper-servant to the whole party. She was a poor, but genteel girl, with an expression that changed from reverential to fearful at the approach of any of her relations.

Mrs. Lanston brought letters of introduction to the Corbyns on her first visit, and being luxuriously situated at the crowded hotel, was invited to pass a few days at their house. She accepted the invitation very gracefully and graciously, and removed, during her whole stay, with them. She found the house of their new friends, and the effort made for their entertainment, so pleasant, that they were easily induced to prolong their stay for several weeks, and only departed on the appearance of winter.

The next summer, when the Lanstons returned to C, they went at once to Judge Corbyn's. Mrs. Lanston had written to say that, being on the wing for Niagara and the lakes, they would pay a passing visit to their friends, whom during the past they remembered with so much pleasure, that they could not resist embracing the opportunity then afforded of seeing them once more.

The passing visit lengthened into days and weeks. The judge, who went with his carriage to meet them at the station, wondered a little that so many trunks were piled on his broad bed from before their visit ended, he ceased to wonder at so ample wardrobe they would be required to go away. Indians were the excuses by which they prolonged their stay, and without the pretense of which they sought to make it seem unprecedentized.

Every week brought parties of New York friends, who, hearing that the Lanstons were in C, could not resist their desire to stop and see them. Of course these people were entertained at Judge Corbyn's. The judge grew exceedingly fond of company, and his house was filled to the cloud upon Mrs. Corbyn's gentle brow, for she was aware of the expense which these visitors were to make, for "help" was scarce at C, the garden reservatus she could obtain sustained, and the independent Yankee girls are disposed to demand what they called "the Lanstons' cookings, and upsidy-downs," while the servants who could be hired belched her, the carpets being ruined, and the market bills swelled to an enormous amount. She was obliged to limit that they wished prepared for them.

At length autumn approached, and with it came the season when the judge's duties required his presence in the city, and when his own business called him to Albany. He was going, he said, to a large, showy house in one of the up-town semi-fashionable streets. The Lanstons always ran. And you would have thought drove up, but Carrie was more she detected some one peeping from one of the chamber windows. The driver, and his master, and the girls waited, but no one came to the door. They rang, they knocked, they rang again, and then Carrie, spectacles, into which no ray of sunlight was ever allowed to penetrate, began to be no fire. After waiting nearly half an hour, the servants, who had been left in charge of the house, and Mrs. Lanston's voice in the hall, questioning the servant about the cause of the delay, a rustling of silk gave warning of the approach of some person, and immediately the Misses Lanston, elaborately dressed, made their appearance in the door-way.

They were profuse in their expressions of delight at meeting with their friends again, and in their earnest affection after every member of their family. But they said nothing of having expected the visit, and they made no apology for having left the house late and cloaks.

"We are so sorry that we are going out, now that you have come," said Evelyn; "but we have a long-standing engagement to the Hall, and cannot in honor break that them must be some misunderstanding, by some stupid of the servants, that he should leave the girls to pay their promised visit, but a warning look from Carrie checked her. She remembered that Evelyn had told a downright falsehood in the girls, "How very do-lightful, to be sure, that you have come, and also with us before you leave town, will you not, or at least spend a day with us?"

Judge Corbyn replied that he expected to leave for Albany in a few days, and that he should be glad in his honest heart

WILT THOU GO!

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

Then hast wandered with fortune our mountain and wave,
Then hast closed his true eyes, and wept o'er his grave,
Then shalt sit this bright coal from her beautiful home—
For thy friend's sake, young stranger, here, here me to-night.

Ay, speak not of madness—I know the current,
A touch of pale shadows hangs over the brow;
Scenes of shadow and sadness may suit thee, and yet
Let the storm of the mountains drive with us to-night.

This day with us, brother—oh, stay with me long;
Say, and oft in the twilight I'll sing thee my song;
That my Saxons may kneel, and at night the still air
Of our lonely lake-island be stirred where we sleep.

Say—the young moon is rising above the green trees;
And the night-bird's sweet singing floats faint on the breeze;
Say, say!

Ah, say! I implore thee, for Saxon's sake,
Let no spirit would frown shut thou leave me alone.

Ay! I see then dost weep—by the tears of my love—
By each line of that fair face, whose young sadness is mine,
Leave, leave not the wilderness! thou hast a friend, brother!

Ah, can ye pleasing sweet thee, with me!
Hit thou rush to the mountains and wave to chase!
For the sake of thy friend then abandon me not;
Farewell—but I love thee—say, wilt thou go?

THE CARCAGIEU.

A ROCKY MOUNTAIN ADVENTURE.

BY EDWARDS BROOKS.

During the winter of 1840, I was traveling in a stage coach between Boston and New York; but when I reached my journey's end a furious snow-storm blocked up the road, and the whole party, consisting of the driver and four passengers besides myself, were obliged to take refuge in a wayside inn, where we remained weather-bound for three days and nights.

To while away the time, it was proposed by one of the party that each should tell a story of some personal adventure, and the gentleman who made the suggestion was unanimously chosen to take the lead. He was a man about thirty years of age, small in stature, and delicately formed, with a dark skin, light hair, and blue eyes. His was nearly dressed in a suit of black, and had such an air of the refinement, and refinement, that no one would have suspected him of having spent any portion of his life among the Creek, Sioux, and Indians of the Far West. It suits my purpose to give his name as John Perkins, for, if he knows, it may not please him to be introduced to the public under his real appellation.

As a preliminary to his story, Mr. Perkins very quietly and deliberately exhibited to us a long, broad, ugly scar across his throat, and in a modest way, and a soft, musical tone, observed:

"That, gentlemen, is one of the few evidences, which I shall retain during life, of my perilous encounter with a carcagieu."

"A what?" exclaimed a Mr. Jones, while a sensation of breathless interest seemed to pervade the whole party.

"A carcagieu," quietly replied Perkins, with a pleasant smile.

"And what, in the name of wonders, is a carcagieu?" inquired the other.

"If you were to put that question to a mysterious trapper, or an Indian, he would tell you, with a shudder, that it is either the devil himself, in the shape of an animal, or a cross between the devil and a bear; but as I am not superstitious, I shall merely state that it is a ferocious animal, sometimes, though rarely, even by the intrepid hunters of the Rocky Mountains."

"And where did you see it, if I may inquire?" said the irascible Mr. Jones.

"I saw it on the Rocky Mountains, within fifty miles of Fisher's Peak."

"Then you have been out there?" returned the other, with an air of surprise; for this was the first time that Mr. Perkins had made the avowal. He had been in the Far West: and there was nothing in his appearance, as I have already said, to indicate that he had ever journeyed beyond the limits of civilization.

"I have certainly been out there," replied the young hunter, with a smile, "or else I could not say that I saw the animal where I did."

"Well, then, pray do tell us how this car—this car——what did you call it?"

"Carcagieu."

"Ah! yes—carcagieu; pray tell us how this carcagieu looks."

"That is what I am about to do, if you will allow me to proceed with my story, without any further hints."

"I crave that Mr. Jones asks no more questions till the gentleman has told his story," said another of the party.

"I and Jones," said Jones, with a laugh, "but all ears."

"We were scenes of the latter fact, and that you are not the only animal of your kind," said another.

"No—I perceive there is one other of the species present," retorted Jones.

As soon as the hearty laugh, occasioned by this repartee, had subsided, there was a general call for the story; and Mr. Perkins, finding it impossible with the following, which I present to the reader as nearly as possible in the words of the narrator:

"A party of us," resumed the narrator, "accompanied an expedition across the great prairies to Santa Fé Fork, about the middle of 185—, with the intention of spending the fall and a portion of the winter in hunting among the mountains in the vicinity of Fisher's Peak.

"We had encountered no Indians, and the hunting was not very good, when we arrived at the Fork, and we resolved that the camp-fire should be kept up much further.

"The night passed off without any disturbance, and the following day we set out to explore the country in search of game.

"We had not proceeded far from the camp, when we discovered a herd of buffaloes, and, as we were desirous of replenishing our stock of provisions, we determined to attack them.

"Our second day's adventure resulted in the same manner, and we came to the conclusion that there had been frightened at some imaginary object, though he still persisted in affirming that the carcagieu was a living reality, and not a creature of fancy.

"A few days after this, as I was exploring one of the wild passes of the mountains, in company with our guide, my friends having gone in another direction, the former suddenly sprang back to my side, the picture of terror, and in a nervous, trembling tone, exclaimed:

"'The carcagieu! the carcagieu! Monsieur will look for himself!'

"I raised my eyes, and there, on a wild, bending crag of the mountains, I beheld an animal about the size of a panther. It was long, black, apparently without any tail, and differed in appearance from any animal I had ever seen. That it was ferocious there could be no doubt—for it had a certain wild glare of the eye, which seemed to be fixed upon me as if they would pierce me through. The distance was not a great rifle range; and as I raised my piece to pay for a forbearance acts, Pierre, with a trembling exclamation of terror, broke for the nearest cover, leaving me entirely alone to combat with this terror of the forest. Finding the animal still remained quiet, and being nothing daunted myself, I advanced a few paces, in order to make my aim more certain, and discharged both barrels in quick succession. With a wild spring, the carcagieu leaped from the rock into the pass, and made directly toward me. I had always considered myself a good marksman, and rarely ever before missed an animal of that size at such a distance; but from some cause, which I cannot even now explain, the beast appeared to be unharmed. There was no escape for me now; to run or yell, however, I'll was in for the fight; and

recollecting my rifle, and drawing my knife, I prepared for the encounter. My velocity of aim must have seemed more like that of lightning than any other comparison I can make, and by the time I had reached it, and was about to spring on him in good humor, and then he condescended to enlighten us on a point in natural history that would be of value in sensational history, to which our attention had never before been called. He said the carcagieu, which he and all his friends believed to be a cross between the devil and a bear, was a terrible foe when attacked, which at different periods had been seen by sanctimonious and Indians. It was black, he said, was about the size of a cow, and the tail of its she he could give us no definite idea, though he was under the fact that it ranged somewhere between a beaver and an elephant. Wild and incredible were the stories he told of it, in his broken English and French; how it would leap from an immense height upon the back of a passing horse, ox, or buffalo, and cool in its power; how it would pounce upon a man, and swallow him, before he was fairly aware of his danger; how it would sometimes charge into camp, regardless of the numbers there, and, after killing the whole party, stop to digest all their stores, and sometimes carry off a horse or a mule; and, lastly, that it had a peculiar cry, which, if one ever heard the sound it, he half could learn it.

"By this time I, as Pierre seemed to take breath, and looked nervously about upon the surrounding darkness, as if he feared the dreadful animal was upon us, I began to say moment, 'only put this terror of the wilderness within good range of my double-barrel, and, in the event of a shot or two combined, I pledge myself to prove to you, and at no distant day, that it cannot dodge a well-aimed ball.'

"Pierre laughed in derision.

"'What you do, Monsieur Perkin, eh?' he inquired.

"'Put a ball into it, of course—a couple of them, for that matter,' returned I.

"'Sacre mille! de Carcagieu you not hit—no no matter—he spit out so balls go sicker as he lightning—balls tousand!'

"'Then what is it?—what? You are crazy!'

"'No crazee, by gar! no—shi! I crazy by him. I see you no more—I go back to my wife and wife's children, and you can kill you self!'

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"No—I perceive there is one other of the species present," retorted Jones.

As soon as the hearty laugh, occasioned by this repartee, had subsided, there was a general call for the story; and Mr. Perkins, finding it impossible with the following, which I present to the reader as nearly as possible in the words of the narrator:

"A party of us," resumed the narrator, "accompanied an expedition across the great prairies to Santa Fé Fork, about the middle of 185—, with the intention of spending the fall and a portion of the winter in hunting among the mountains in the vicinity of Fisher's Peak.

"We had encountered no Indians, and the hunting was not very good, when we arrived at the Fork, and we resolved that the camp-fire should be kept up much further.

"The night passed off without any disturbance, and the following day we set out to explore the country in search of game. The entire party, with our guide, had separated from me, and I was alone, when I discovered a herd of buffaloes, and, as we were desirous of replenishing our stock of provisions, we determined to attack them.

"Our second day's adventure resulted in the same manner, and we came to the conclusion that there had been frightened at some imaginary object, though he still persisted in affirming that the carcagieu was a living reality, and not a creature of fancy.

"A few days after this, as I was exploring one of the wild passes of the mountains, in company with our guide, my friends having gone in another direction, the former suddenly sprang back to my side, the picture of terror, and in a nervous, trembling tone, exclaimed:

"'The carcagieu! the carcagieu! Monsieur will look for himself!'

"I raised my eyes, and there, on a wild, bending crag of the mountains, I beheld an animal about the size of a panther. It was long, black, apparently without any tail, and differed in appearance from any animal I had ever seen. That it was ferocious there could be no doubt—for it had a certain wild glare of the eye, which seemed to be fixed upon me as if they would pierce me through. The distance was not a great rifle range; and as I raised my piece to pay for a forbearance acts, Pierre, with a trembling exclamation of terror, broke for

the nearest cover, leaving me entirely alone to combat with this terror of the forest. Finding the animal still remained quiet, and being nothing daunted myself, I advanced a few paces, in order to make my aim more certain, and discharged both barrels in quick succession. With a wild spring, the carcagieu leaped from the rock into the pass, and made directly toward me. I had always considered myself a good marksman, and rarely ever before missed an animal of that size at such a distance; but from some cause, which I cannot even now explain, the beast appeared to be unharmed. There was no escape for me now; to run or yell, however, I'll was in for the fight; and recollecting my rifle, and drawing my knife, I prepared for the encounter. My velocity of aim must have seemed more like that of lightning than any other comparison I can make, and by the time I had reached it, and was about to spring on him in good humor, and then he condescended to enlighten us on a point in natural history that would be of value in sensational history, to which our attention had never before been called. He said the carcagieu, which he and all his friends believed to be a cross between the devil and a bear, was a terrible foe when attacked, which at different periods had been seen by sanctimonious and Indians. It was black, he said, was about the size of a cow, and the tail of its she he could give us no definite idea, though he was under the fact that it ranged somewhere between a beaver and an elephant. Wild and incredible were the stories he told of it, in his broken English and French; how it would leap from an immense height upon the back of a passing horse, ox, or buffalo, and cool in its power; how it would pounce upon a man, and swallow him, before he was fairly aware of his danger; how it would sometimes charge into camp, regardless of the numbers there, and, after killing the whole party, stop to digest all their stores, and sometimes carry off a horse or a mule; and, lastly, that it had a peculiar cry, which, if one ever heard the sound it, he half could learn it.

"By this time I, as Pierre seemed to take breath, and looked nervously about upon the surrounding darkness, as if he feared the dreadful animal was upon us, I began to say moment, 'only put this terror of the wilderness within good range of my double-barrel, and, in the event of a shot or two combined, I pledge myself to prove to you, and at no distant day, that it cannot dodge a well-aimed ball.'

"Pierre laughed in derision.

"'What you do, Monsieur Perkin, eh?' he inquired.

"'Put a ball into it, of course—a couple of them, for that matter,' returned I.

"'Sacre mille! de Carcagieu you not hit—no matter—he spit out so balls go sicker as he lightning—balls tousand!'

"'Then what is it?—what? You are crazy!'

"'No crazee, by gar! no—shi! I crazy by him. I see you no more—I go back to my wife and wife's children, and you can kill you self!'

"'Carcagieu.'

"'Ah! yes—carcagieu; pray tell us how this carcagieu looks?'

"That is what I am about to do, if you will allow me to proceed with my story, without any further hints.

"I must that Mr. Jones asks no more questions till the gentleman has told his story," said another of the party.

"I and Jones," said Jones, with a laugh, "but all ears."

"We were scenes of the latter fact, and that you are not the only animal of your kind," said another.

"No—I perceive there is one other of the species present," retorted Jones.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

CROCHETS.—The history of the organ is involved in mystery. Some say Pope Vitalian, A.D. 670, first introduced the organ into the church service. The first mention of a church organ mentioned in history is that sent by the Greek Emperor Constantine, King of France, in 757. Others say they were not used for worship before the 9th century. Others say they were introduced into Europe before the Christian era. Others say they were invented by Archimedes, 200 years before the Christian era. Others say they were invented by Ctesibius, of Alexandria, 246 B.C. In the ninth century, Pope John VIII., a Venetian priest, commenced the building of organs in Rome. The Jesuits have been famous from the time of the Jewish and Romish antiquity, but it was not till the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries that they began to be generally employed in sacred worship in the western empire.

PARSIMONY.—The correct word we have to be saving economy with a young lady, with her parents' consent, but with no intention of ever marrying her, would be to be courting her long enough to secure themselves of all their knowledge which the books of their own country or acknowledged Parsian, and the acquisition of which would be so much more useful and honorable, than the paltry accomplishment she gains by harmonizing on the sweetness of a passage, or a tongue they has imperfectly understood, and of which she will never likely to make use of, except to think that the time often spent on foreign languages could be much more profitably employed in other ways. It is a serious part of education to study the precise meaning of words. The correct definition of words is the basis of all true knowledge. Before we can be accurate in our thoughts we must be accurate in the use of words. Before we can be accurate in the use of words we must be accurate in the knowledge of their meaning. Many persons are inaccurate in their use of words, because they are inaccurate in their knowledge of their meaning. Many persons are inaccurate in their knowledge of their meaning, because they are inaccurate in their knowledge of the things which words are used to represent. Before we can be accurate in the knowledge of things we must be accurate in the observation of them. Before we can be accurate in the observation of them we must be accurate in the use of the senses. Before we can be accurate in the use of the senses we must be accurate in the use of the mind. Before we can be accurate in the use of the mind we must be accurate in the use of the whole man. Before we can be accurate in the use of the whole man we must be accurate in the use of the whole of life. Before we can be accurate in the use of the whole of life we must be accurate in the use of every day of life. Before we can be accurate in the use of every day of life we must be accurate in the use of every hour of life. Before we can be accurate in the use of every hour of life we must be accurate in the use of every minute of life. Before we can be accurate in the use of every minute of life we must be accurate in the use of every second of life. Before we can be accurate in the use of every second of life we must be accurate in the use of every fraction of a second of life. Before we can be accurate in the use of every fraction of a